

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Lenten Season
Is Welcomed
By Society Folk

DEAR SUSAN: Last week left Washington rather out of breath. It had wound up a gay and brilliant season with a gay and brilliant ball. It had on the same day attended the obsequies of the Sixty-fifth Congress—the "war" Congress, which was born with a fight on its hands, and died still fighting. It had about the same time bid farewell to the war President, with fire in his eye and a peace pact in his pocket. It had welcomed and sped a few diplomats and any number of home-grown officials, and through it all each one, as before, had chased his favorite phantom. No wonder it has rather welcomed Lent and the chance to catch up with things generally.

If only those daylight-saving advocates could devise a day of more than twenty-four hours.

One might think that with the President and Mrs. Wilson away, and Vice President and Mrs. Marshall away, and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing away, and the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane away, and the Secretary of War away, and the Secretary of the Navy just getting away, and the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Redfield also just getting away—in fact, with the Administration circle "all shot to pieces"—and Congress adjourned, the penitential days would be of necessity observed with austerity. But as a matter of fact much cloth and satin are getting less fashionable every year.

Lenten Quiet Increases

Number of Home Parties.

Looking back at the number of dinners, dances, receptions, teas, and all manner of festivities which filled the days before Ash Wednesday, it becomes apparent that, by comparison at least, we really are enjoying a season of Lenten quiet—and therefore taking the more pleasure in the parties which are on the calendar, and the week just past was not without its social events of more than usual brilliancy. Mrs. Norman Williams' tea and musicale on Tuesday



MISS DOROTHY MASON,
Daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Newton E. Mason, whose engagement to Lieut. Samuel E. Brewer, U. S. N., is announced.

MRS. MELVILLE W. FULLER WALLACE,
Wife of Captain Wallace, U. S. A., with her small daughter, Patricia. Captain Wallace is in France with the American expeditionary force.

MISS GLADS KAIME.
Daughter of Mrs. David Kaime. They are St. Louis folk who have been spending their winters in Washington of late.

Fancies, Fads,
And Foibles of
Capital Society

of his singing, dancing, stage managing, and other manifold activities.

Miss Russell's One
Of Easter Weddings.

Easter comes so late this year that the crop of April weddings—if there are any—will properly have to be crowded into the last ten days of the month. So far, however, there seems to be only one important April wedding on the calendar, the marriage of pretty little Brooke Russell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John Russell, to John Dryden Kuser, a lad who is still in Princeton. This is set for Saturday, April 26, in St. John's Church, and will be followed by a small reception at Rauscher's. Kuser will complete his course at Princeton in June, and after that, he and his bride, who is but seventeen, will start off on a belated honeymoon trip to the far East.

The old-time prejudice against weddings in Lent seems to have gone into the discard long with a good many other prejudices—for last Maria de Bonillas, daughter of the Mexican Ambassador and Mrs. Bonillas, and, of course, a good Catholic, to be married to Lieut. Giuseppe Cappola, of the Italian army, on March 24—so maybe we'll have our weddings in the early days of April after all. Nowadays a wedding follows much closer upon the heels of the announcement of an engagement than used to be the case, and there's time for a half dozen romances to culminate in April marriages.

Through an error it was announced that the marriage of Senorita Bonillas and Lieutenant Cappola would be solemnized at 11 o'clock instead of at noon, the hour actually selected for the ceremony. Mrs. Bonillas rather fears that this may cause confusion, since the invitations are in Spanish and a good many of the people who have received them may not be able to figure out just what is meant by the Spanish word for "midday." The wedding, then, is to be at 12 o'clock, on Monday, March 24, with Monsignor Lee officiating. The wedding will be a reception and breakfast, to which many of the diplomats have been bidden.

And now for a piece of bona fide news. Rear Admiral and Mrs. Newton E. Mason are today announcing the engagement of their daughter, Dorothy, to Lieut. Samuel E. Brewer, U. S. N., of Alabama. The wedding will take place in the early spring, the date depending upon Lieutenant Brewer's movements. He is at present on duty aboard a destroyer.

Woman's Army and
Navy League Ball.

Easter Monday evening has as usual been pre-empted by the woman's Army and Navy League for its annual ball. It will be held this year, as for the last two years, in the band room at the Marine Barracks, which has been placed at the disposal of the league through the kindness of Maj. Gen. George Barnett, commandant of the Marine Corps. Mrs. Emerson H. Liscum is president of the league. Mrs. Alexander Sharp is chairman, and Mrs. Theodore Jewell, vice chairman of the ball committee, and they will be assisted by Miss Emma Course, Mrs. F. B. Freyer, Mrs. George Dunsen, Mrs. Joseph Strauss, Mrs. Austin Kautz, Mrs. Walter McLean, Mrs. Vivia Poe Wilson, and Miss Elizabeth Poe.

The Woman's Army and Navy League, which is composed entirely of women, is composed entirely of women.

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

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afternoon was one. The musicale seems to be accepted as an eminently proper form of Lenten diversion and few could resist the lure of such artists as Lazaro, the famous Spanish tenor, and Mlle. Yvonne de Treville, so the good church people were in evidence at Mrs. Williams' party as well as the worldlings.

The same is true of the production of Maeterlinck's play, "A Burgomaster of Belgium," which ran through the week at the Belasco Theater. People were there who never go inside of a theater during Lent and men and women in deep mourning, who have no heart for diversion save possibly good music. They felt, and with truth, that the play was too big and vital a thing to miss and that its first presentation in this country was an event of almost historic importance.

Maeterlinck, Greatest
As a Realist.

Certainly it was a memorable evening. It was rather a shock to me to read next morning the comment of one of the critics, who summed up the play as melodrama and spoke as though Maeterlinck were stooping from the heights to plead the cause of his native land. For, in my opinion, the great Belgian scales heights he has not before attained and Maeterlinck, the realist, is greater than Maeterlinck, the mystic, because he is more human. The play is as simple as inevitable and as impressive as one of the great Greek tragedies; and infinitely more moving because it is a thing of our own times.

On Monday evening the presence in the audience of 100 or more wounded men from Walter Reed Hospital, men who had given their own bodies to stop the course of the Juggernaut, whose relentless progress is portrayed in the play, did much toward rousing the emotions of the great audience. When the two German officers of the cast came before the curtain at the close of the piece, to be roundly hissed, some one commented upon this as an example of the naïveté of the American audience, without stopping to consider that the piece had been a national anthem. People pricked up their ears and, deciding that it was probably the Belgian national hymn—which they should have recognized but didn't—began standing up all over the house. No sooner was the entire body on its feet than the music changed into ragtime and the audience sat down chuckling. This happened three times, many people taking their cue from Lady Reading, who occupied a conspicuous position in a stage box; and by this time the house was in an uproar of merriment, no one enjoying the joke more than the British ambassador's wife. She looked unusually well that night, by the way, wearing a draped gown of soft white satin trimmed with magnificent sable and a long cloak of peacock blue brocade and chinchilla. Since their return from overseas, Lord and Lady Reading have picked up the threads of their existence where they dropped them and have become again familiar and ever popular figures in diplomatic and official society. They inaugurated a revival of

hospitality at the embassy on Tuesday evening with the dinner they gave for the new Ambassador to France and Mrs. Hugh Wallace; and already they have accepted numerous invitations to dine out. On Monday evening, for instance, they dined with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham Glasgow, and then were guests in their box for the Maeterlinck play. This was the first time I have seen Lord and Lady Reading together since their return.

Changes in Personnel
At British Embassy.

The activities of the British embassy are of particular interest at present, as there have been certain changes in the personnel of the staff, and several men of more than usual note accompanied the Earl of Reading on his return to this country. Among them is Sir Grimwood Mears, who is at present on the staff of the ambassador and British high commissioner. He was at the head of the commission which investigated German atrocities in Belgium and afterward was in Washington for some time on a mission for his government. He made many friends there who are now welcoming him back with enthusiasm. He is living at the Grafton.

Brig. Gen. Lionel E. O. Charlton, C. B., C. M. G., D. S. P., who is "creating the role" of aerial attaché of the British embassy, also arrived with Lord and Lady Reading. He is part American, his mother having been a daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, of Washington. General Charlton has been in the aviation service since 1912, and has won many honors. Another British officer with a distinguished army record now attached to the embassy is Captain Portman, who is replacing Mr. Montgomery as a sort of confidential secretary to Lord Reading. Sir Grimwood Mears was in the audience on Monday night, a guest of the Secretary of the Swedish Legation and Baroness Bonde; and so was Captain Portman, who was in the Glasgow party. Indeed, almost the entire embassy staff was present. Mr. and Mrs. Colville Barclay and Major Crawford Stuart were with the Earl and Mrs. Perry Belmont; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Getty Chilton and Algernon Greig were guests of the former Imperial Russian Ambassador and Mrs. Rakmetoff; Capt. Roy Glen was with the Glasgows; and so on down the line.

St. Marks' Cafe Opening
A Festive Occasion.

Next evening—no it was two days later—came the festivities to celebrate the opening of the new Cafe St. Marks. It was a very jolly evening, for not only did everybody seem to know everybody else, but everybody knew the men who are launching the venture—George Minigerode, Joseph Thompson, and H. Rosier Dulany, Jr.—and kept crowding around them to tell them what a perfectly corking party it was. Dinner, an unusually good dinner, was followed by dancing and when I left at midnight the party didn't show any signs of breaking up. The "overflow" was taken care of in the grill, and there were music and impromptu dancing down there; but the real festivities centered about the enchanting Italian garden, which is

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so surprisingly tucked away in the funny little church where the cafe is established. Clarke Waggaman was the architect who planned the metamorphosis and worked out the scheme of decoration; and he must have been very proud to hear the little gasp of pleasure with which most of the guests greeted their first sight of the dining room.

The garden is perfectly simulated, with its creamy stone walls, topped by graceful urns, its awning stretched lengthwise of the room, its hedge of clipped yews and its graceful arched gateways; and I'd give a good deal to know just how the decorator achieved such an effect of luminous depth in the blue "sky" into which one looks over the garden wall. It's for all the world like a moonlit sky, and when the lights are dimmed the illusion of moonlight is complete and the effect amazingly lovely.

Uniforms Getting Rarer:
Only a Few in Evidence.

It was rather a shock to notice how scarce uniforms are becoming. There weren't more than a baker's dozen of them in evidence in this assemblage of some 200 people; and most of them were worn by men who are just back from overseas. Capt. Fred Chapin was one of them and Lieut. John Cunningham, U. S. N., another. Several people have asked me lately what had become of John Cunningham, so it was a pleasure to run into him and to gather that he is back in Washington to stay after having been in Europe twenty-one months. Another person in uniform, whom I saw for the first time in many months was Lieut. Comdr. John E. Isomann. He's been back in town for some time, but somehow I haven't chance to meet him before. The men whom one has grown used to seeing in uniform were quite numerous there in their newly

resumed "city" evening clothes, and one had to look twice to recognize them.

Mrs. Patterson's First
Party Since War Began.

The tale of last week's festivities includes the usual round of dinners given by diplomats for other diplomats, by officials for other officials, and so on. There were also several interesting luncheon parties. Mrs. Robert W. Patterson, for instance, had a luncheon on Tuesday which was almost the first party she has given since the United States entered the war. With a son, Major Joseph Medill Patterson, in the thick of the fighting with the Rainbow division—he was wounded, I believe—she naturally didn't have much heart for entertaining; and since his return to this country in December she has spent most of her time at her home in Chicago. Mrs. Patterson always gives particularly nice parties and her friends are hoping that the little festivity on Tuesday may be the forerunner of other hospitalities during the spring season. Mrs. Mahlon Tincey, Mrs. George P. McLean and Mrs. George Higginson, Jr., of Chicago, were among Mrs. Patterson's guests.

Mrs. Patterson's nephew, Lieut. Robert W. Patterson, 3d, who is the son of Mrs. Raymond Patterson, has but recently returned from long service in France, and is now at Camp Meade with one of the casual companies. He was badly gassed and is not yet in good shape. His sister, Mrs. Melville W. Fuller Wallace (Ruth Patterson) has decided against making any attempt to go abroad with Captain Wallace's parents, the new Ambassador to France and Mrs. Hugh Wallace, for fear that her husband, who is with the A. E. F., might

be ordered home and cross her on the way over. She has taken a little house in Tyler place, where she and her small daughter, Patricia Wallace, will wait for Captain Wallace's return or at least for the definite news that he is to remain abroad for some time longer.

Miss Sallie Beecher
Helps Out in Play.

Mrs. Hugh Wallace's niece, Sallie Beecher, who is going abroad with her aunt, stepped into the breach at short notice when May Lidenburg dropped out of the cast of Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look," which, with the various other acts and bits of foolery that went to make up the famous British-American war fund benefit, was repeated last week at Walter Reed Hospital. She made a decided hit. I'm told that the audience of convalescent boys went quite wild over the whole performance, and that the company, fired by their enthusiasm, worked in all manner of spontaneous humor and "collaboration" and put on a performance which outclassed any of their previous efforts.

The girl who told me this had seen all four performances, so she really ought to know. Algernon Greig, the clever producer of the show, was, as usual, one of the star performers, and he and Margaret Harding added a new and appropriate verse to their song, "I'd Love To," for the special benefit of the Walter Reed boys, who shouted with glee over this contribution. It was quite impromptu, written out on the back of a piece of music by Mr. Greig in the intervals

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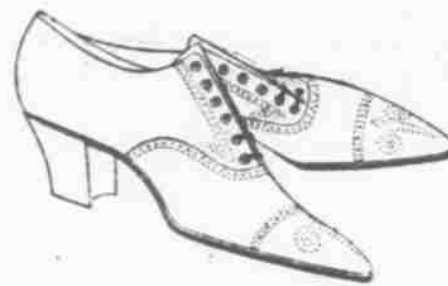
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